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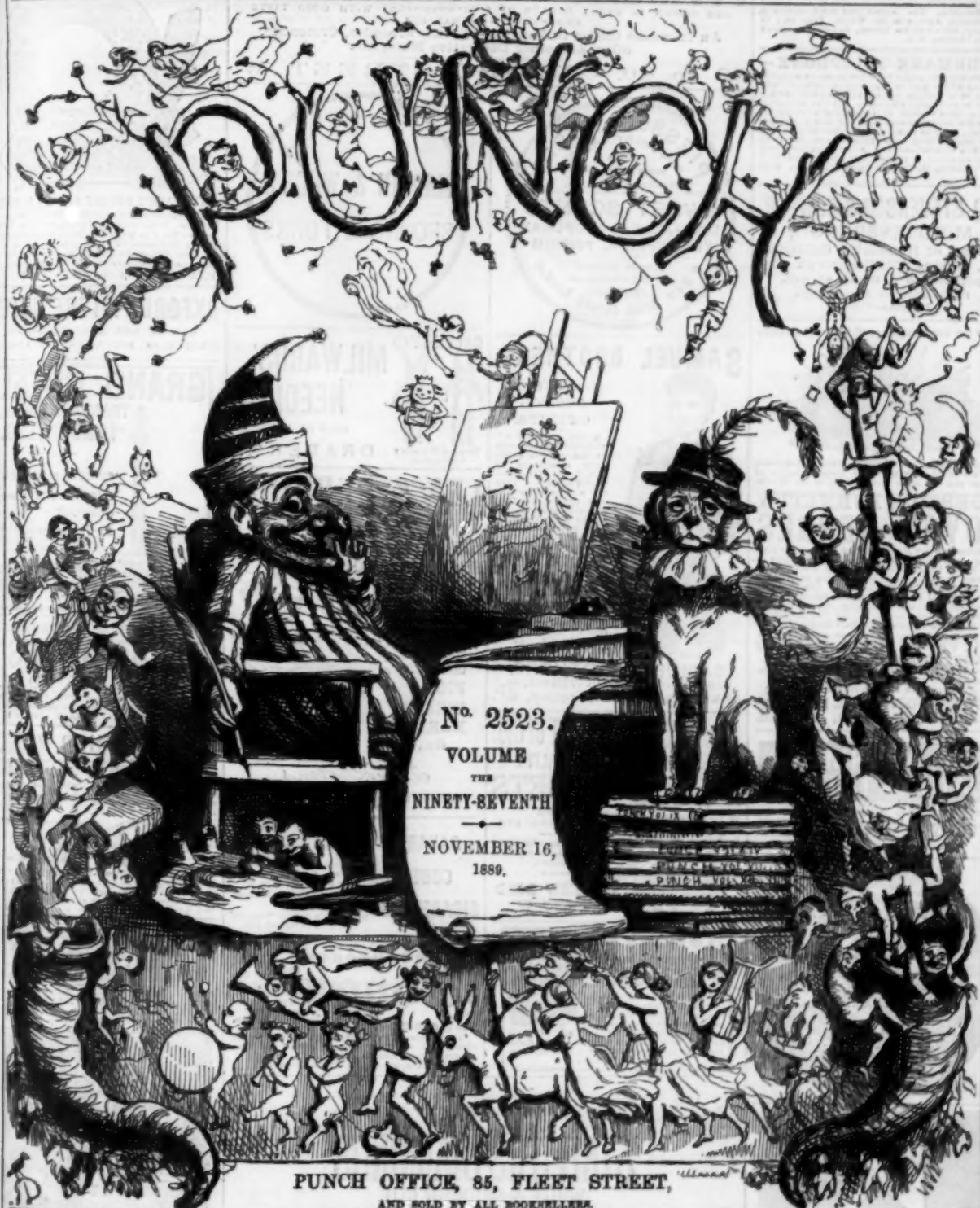
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Le Diable Boiteux.

XI.

"MAD mirth, and sullen misery!
These divide
The empire of the night, O shadowy Guide,
In this colossal city!"
So I, as on we sped. "Scarce know I which,
Dulness or wild delirium, poor or rich,
Most earnestly to pity."

"Earnestness always either fogs or bores,"
Chuckled my *cicerone*. "Fashion's doors
Open to every comer,
Save that. You see 'tis not 'amusing.' No!
'Twould lend an extra chill to Winter's snow,
And dull the sheen of Summer."

"Not to amuse oneself! That crowning curse
Means excommunication. Power of Purse,
Brain, Beauty, all are Vanity,
If they bring not what the world calls 'good fun';
With that bad form or vulgar farce will
Thought void of taste or sanity."

"These throngs at least amuse themselves!"
I saw
A scene to fill a dunkey's soul with awe—
Gay garments, glittering jewels;
The raven gloss of swell-cut broadcloth close
With whirling clouds of satin milk-and-rose,
Rare laces, radiant "crewels."

The walls were wide, the still electric sheen,
Lay like rose-softened sunshine o'er the Bass murmur, treble twitter,
Mounted in mingled cadences from lips
Lingering o'er mirthful *mots* and amorous quips,
Amidst the glow and glitter.

"These bacchanals," said my Guide, "are truly 'tiled,'
Save to ourselves. The Mænads might have
Upon such secret orgies;
Scenes of such varied and voluptuous ease
Wealth's deft, audacious caterers planned to please
The Cæsars and the Georges."

"There stands the clever caterer of to-day!
Silenus might have squeezed his winy spray
On his Bardolphian features.
Trim-shaven, smartly clad, with a still smile,
And a subdued half swagger, in the style
Of Mammon's chosen creatures."

"He schemes, he manages, he understands,
But lolls with smile-wreathed lips and white fat hands
Against the curtained portal;
Mercury, Bacchus, Ganymede in one,
But to these strange Olympians better fun
Than any old Immortal."

"Parveyor he of fashionable mirth,
A genial mask, though earthy of the earth.
You see the clever schemer
Of tedium-proof amusement serves his kind
More than dull praters of the March of Mind,
Or philanthropic dreamers."

"At least they think so, these 'smart' men,
light maids,
And frisky matrons. Mirth has many grades;
That girl there glittering, hectic,



Laughs with hysteria's high and crackling laugh,
Whilst he, her partner, at the *risqué* chaff
Shakes, well-nigh apoplectic.

"Wine mounts, wit flows, such wit as wine evokes
In souls to which the lightest social yokes
Are burdens to be lifted.

Laughter with loosened zone is chartered here.
Different from yon dark alum, whose shadows
With rare gas-jets are rifted?" [drear
Different, indeed! I heard the shrill of song
Crude-burthened raising echoes loud and long
Of mellow maiden-merriment.
How curious the response when stealthy skill
In coarseness on the polished world's good-
Makes cynical experiment! [will

The fire of passion and the feverish fret
Of speculation rage. *Bon-mot* and bet,
Wager and amorous whisper,
Alternate sound on our ubiquitous ear.

Regard that girl. When saw you eyes more
Lips redder, curl-crop crisper? [clear,
She, one would say, should still be cloistered up
At home with poetry and her pet pug-pup,
Her music and her novels.

Yet here she smiles where stage-stars strut
and flaunt.

What does young Innocence in a gilded haunt,
Where Caste in coarseness grovels?

"Caste? Innocence? We must not look too close.
[rose,"

Some here, scarce roses, have lived near the
My guide responded drily.
"The 'alestic tendency,' you know,
As ROBERT LOUIS calls it, must have flow
Or openly or slyly."

"Sense-stir, and Speculation, and the taste
For the adventurous, move the most chaste,
And tickle the most prudent.
In 'proper' breasts oft lurks a craving hot
For the equivocal—even when not
Immaculately pudent."

"A curiosity about the ways
Of the *Déclassées*, in our period, plays
Its part in 'good' society.
'Tis so 'amusing,' this half-world, so rife
With 'incidents' that lend to *ton's* dull life
Some touch of *chic* variety."

"The gambling-bell and the lupanar? No!
But ZOLA adds a zest, high play a glow
To moral tedium *vite*.
Think you yon caterer, aiming to Amuse,
Of scurril Momus does not gauge the use
And venal Aphrodite?"

"T'WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY,"—AND
ADVERTISEMENT!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE read with the greatest interest a letter to your contemporaries from Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in which that accomplished and patriotic gentleman suggests, that there should be a grand collection of relics in honour of the 75th Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, which is due next year.

As the Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre invited co-operation from everybody, I immediately set to work to pick up mementoes of the glorious victory with—as you will see—some success. It is my desire that the exhibition should be as complete as possible, and if any feeble efforts of mine can contribute to that end, I shall be more than repaid for any trouble I may take in the matter. Subjoined is my first list of exhibits.

Portrait of the Great Duke of WELLINGTON, published some years ago at the selling price of a penny plain, and twopenne coloured.

Bronze coin, bearing the head of NAPOLEON THE THIRD. It is a strange fact that this valuable piece has been refused by two omnibus conductors, showing that latent animosity still exists between the English and the French.

Broom carried for many years by the junior crossing-sweeper of Waterloo Place.

Cards used for playing Napoleon. A *propos* of this game, the expression "going nap," no doubt referred to the deposed Emperor's departure for St. Helena.

Set of wheels from a broken-up Waterloo omnibus.

Draft application to the Council of the Royal United Service Institution asking for the loan of the skull of SHAW the Life Guardsman, which has somehow or another found its way into the Museum of that valuable organisation.

Gate of the North Toll-house on old Waterloo Bridge.

Napoleon's Dream Book, a cheap and interesting treatise upon Fate, said to have been used by the greatest General of his age before all his victories, proving that his success might have been attributable to the power of witchcraft. Sold even to this day at a penny a copy.

Acting edition of the *Battle of Waterloo*, drama played at Astley's.

Pair of quaint old Wellington boots—an heir-loom.

Card of admission to the "Extra Rooms" at Madame Tussaud's, where "Napoleonic relics" are always on view.

There, Sir; I do not think this bad for a beginning. But why not have other celebrations?

Next year the 824th Anniversary of the Battle of Hastings will be due, when there might be a grand exhibition of boarding-house furniture, in honour of the victory having been gained at a now favourite watering-place. Then we might have the anniversary of other things—the invention of the umbrella, the discovery of sugar, the first mixing of lobster-salad, and so forth.

Of course the difficulty would be to find a site for the holding of exhibitions appropriate to the celebration of these interesting events.

In the case of the Battle of Waterloo, Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS had a new panorama ready to hand. For all that, I cannot imagine how he came to think of such a clever thing!

Yours truly,

SIMON SIMPLE SIMPLE-SIMON.

Crackup Court, near Puffborough.



UP-HILL WORK.

Mr. Punch (to Mrs. London County Council), "CONGRATULATE YOU, MA'AM, ON RETAINING SUCH A CAPITAL CHAIRMAN. HE'LL GET YOU ALONG, IF ANYONE CAN!"

AN ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

It is an open secret that, should the Austrian idea of putting the Civil Service of the Crown in uniform be adopted in this country, the following dress-regulations will be enforced in the Government offices hereunto referred to:—

ADMIRALTY. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, blue spectacles, epaulettes, regulation blotting-paper, with inch bullion border and gold-tipped ruler. Gold pen.

All other Grades.—A. B. seaman's costume, with chevrons, ink-bottle, and lanyard. Steel pen.

AUDIT OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, green spectacles, epaulettes, regulation blotting-paper with half-inch bullion border, and silver-tipped ruler. Gold pen.

All other Grades.—Costume of Audit Ale-brewers' draymen. Steel pens.

LUNACY COMMISSION. Commissioners.—Burlesque cooked hats, and heavily bullioned strait-waistcoats. **Secretary.**—Robes of a Barrister-at-Law, with the wig decorated with bits of straw.

POST OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, decorated with Christmas cards, and sample coats, of various patterns. Gold pens.

All other Grades.—Postman's uniform of the period, augmented.

TREASURY. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, cloth-of-gold coats, with guinea-buttons. Waistcoats of various colours, fresh from the Mint die. Pens gold.

All other Grades.—Evening dress of the theatrical treasurers, with orders for the Pit and Upper Boxes. Pens steel.

WAR OFFICE. First-grade Officials.—Cooked hats, armour from the Tower, condemned maps of the Intelligence Department converted into tail-coats. Blotting-paper, with regulation 3-inch bullion border. Red tape. Gold pens.

All other Grades.—Cast-off uniforms of Royal Engineers engaged upon purely civilian work, and therefore not required for service in the Army.



"A CLEAN BREAST OF IT."

The Magistrate. "OH!—YOU ADMIT MAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY THEN?"
Prisoner (airily). "WELL, THE FACT IS, YOUR WASHUP, THE SUPPLY O' THE GENUINE ARTICLE IS SO EXTREMELY LIMITED, AND THINGS GENERALLY ARE SO VERY TIGHT COMMERCIALY, THAT A POOR FELLOW MUST DO SOMETHING THESE TIMES TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY!"

UP-HILL WORK.

Mr. Punch inquires:—

Up-hill work? To be sure. And, my very dear Madam, Up-hill's always stiffish whatever the road, Whether gravel provincial or London Macadam; But much, very much, to your "Chairman" is owed, For choosing straight courses and obstacles clearing, And pulling and hauling with hearty good will. I congratulate you on the prospect most cheering, At least for a time, of retaining him still. If anyone can pull you straight he will do it. You'll freely admit you're a pretty good weight; And were you to lose him just now you might rue it, That's hardly a thing that admits of debate. And you, Mister ROSEBURY, *Punch* is delighted To know you'll remain for a time at your post. By pitchforks and pelting you'll not be affrighted; 'Tis true English fashion our rulers to roast; And when a new broom is found making a splutter, And not so much clearing as raising a dust, "Olympian" critics, and others, will utter Some quips which appear, and perhaps are, unjust. Some L. C. C. doings have roused cynic merriment, But Councils, like Rome, are not built in a day; *Mr. Punch* wishes well to the mighty experiment, And he will take care it is given fair play. Meanwhile, Ma'am, if you will but just "cut the cackle," Some rushers restrain, and some chatters burke, Your excellent Chairman his task then may tackle With every prospect of less "Up-hill Work!"

THE NINTH.

THE Lord Mayor's Show, arranged by Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, was a great success, and *Mr. Punch* presents BARNUM Junior with the freedom of Fleet Street. The biggest crowd assembled to witness it that has been seen for some years. LEWIS Le Grand himself sat in a carriage with three City magnates, and tried to look as if he had got there by accident, and his friends were merely "giving him a lift." In the evening the scene in the Guildhall was brilliant. Mr. STANHOPE spoke boldly about national defences when he looked round and saw General ATLAS in a brand new uniform, with a sword by his side, "ready, aye, ready," and Colonel BRIEFLESS, ablaze in scarlet, looking like a County Court Martial, burning to draw pleadings, defend the innocent, or charge a prisoner at the bar. Lord SALISBURY was heavy. He had nothing to say, and said something less than that, as he omitted to propose the Lord MAYOR's health, and had to be stirred up again, when he rose in his place and gave the toast as a sort of after-thought. Sir HENRY ISAACS spoke well, clearly, to the point, and, above all, briefly. ARTHUR BALFOUR received a big ovation, and assumed an air of quiet surprise, as if uncertain whether the applause might not have been intended for some one else. Altogether a Notable Ninth.

Nothing Like Lather.

THE Scentenary of PEAR'S Soap was celebrated with a banquet given to Mr. BARRATT, Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, Bart., M.P., being in the chair. Needless to say that there was a plentiful exhibition of soap on the occasion. The chief feature of the menu was of course the cakes of soap. Sir ALGERNON made, as he always does, an excellent speech, and, as if he were at a double wedding, drank the health of "The happy PEAR'S."



ANOTHER METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

PATENT NETTING FOR "TAKING MALES ON BOARD" WHEN AT FULL SPEED. A SAVING OF TIME AND HORSES.

HOW HE MANAGED IT.

(From Our Own Thoroughly Reliable Correspondent at Constantinople.)

"I am told that it is the SULTAN's chief care to give the EMPEROR no opportunity of entering into political conversation with him, and consequently everything is done to keep his German Majesty as much preoccupied as possible. What would he like to do or see, and what presents would he be pleased to accept from the PADISHAH? As for the EMPEROR, he has already accepted four magnificent Arab or other steeds of snow-white colour, while a variegated pile of precious stuffs has been given to the EMPRESS."

THE result of my inquiries as to the reliability of the above paragraph, taken from the telegraphic communication of the representative of the *Times*, that appeared in the pages of that journal on Tuesday last, which you have sent to me with a request that I would either verify or contradict it, I herewith subjoin. Fortunately notes I had already made for my own use came opportunely to my aid, and enabled me fully to endorse and confirm the view of the situation as here suggested by the leading journal.

I had heard from an influential and well-informed diplomatist that the SULTAN's apprehensions were well founded, and that the young German EMPEROR's sole object in paying his visit was literally to "pump" his host upon the several Eastern questions now looming on the political horizon, and that, determined to make himself understood, he had got up a whole string of questions with a Turkish OLLENDORFF that he meant to fall back upon as a last resource, if the SULTAN pleaded, as he was informed it was his intention of doing, his ignorance of French, German, English, Italian, or of any European tongue whatever, so as to avoid the chances of being drawn into a private conversation.

But to resume. Perhaps there is no better method of furnishing you with a precise account of what actually took place on the day of meeting, for instance, than placing before you a page of the SULTAN's scribbling diary, to which, owing to the politeness of an amiable backstairs Palace Official, I have been fortunate enough to obtain access. Here it is *verbatim* :—

"6 A.M.—Am told by my Master of Court Ceremonies that I ought to meet this German Christian Dog, arrayed, if possible, in some one of the military dresses assumed by his own countrymen. Allah is great! but this is a bore. However, I resign myself to the hands of my wardrobe-keeper. I appear, therefore, in a white nightgown, worn under a cuirass, with a dragoon's helmet, surmounted by a bedroom candle extinguisher, and in a pair of Jack-boots—(Allah is great! But, oh! these boots are tight!),—that reach up to my hips. Perhaps this disguise may save me five minutes of his conversation. Allah be praised! It has. He has embraced in turn RAHAT PASHA, LAKOUM BEY, and KOUMIS EFFENDI, taking each of them in mistake for me. At length, however, we are introduced. The Christian Dog seems struck with my appearance, as I limp to

A REAL "GRAIN ELEVATOR."

It is the truth, the reality of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN's sketches that renders them so popular. He never attempts to improve our minds; he tells us what we all knew before, but he puts everything in such a comic light, that he sends us away laughing at our misfortunes and making fun of our miseries. If we were in doleful dumps we would go to Mr. CORNEY GRAIN to raise our spirits. The most recent addition to the Corneyopia is no exception to the rule, and the miseries of moving, the troubles of housekeeping, the irritative quality of relations—and one's relations are perhaps one of the greatest troubles of life—are celebrated in song, sketch, and story, in most diverting fashion. The latest social satire by the popular entertainer is called, *I've taken a House*. It will be certainly found this novelty has "taken the house" at St. George's Hall, and will probably fill it for many nights to come.

L. C. C. PROSPECTS.—When Lord ROSEBURY retires from the Chairmanship of the L. C. C., it is generally feared that they'll make a nice hash of it. It is now certain that if not a hash, there'll be a considerable taste of HAGGIS about whatever they do.

the carriage (Oh! Allah! these boots!); but no sooner are we seated than he immediately begins the conversation, as I knew he would, with 'Well, worthy and well-beloved Second Cousin twice removed, what about Bulgaria?' My only answer is to smile, and shake my head, to indicate I do not understand. He puts the same question in several different languages, but I merely repeat my smile, and continue to shake my head. He then begins his Turkish, and it is time to stop him, so I call an interpreter, and explain that I wish to make him a present. There are two tramway omnibuses passing, and I, on the spot, present him with these,—drivers, horses, passengers and all. I indicate that they shall be sent round to him at the Yildiz Kiosk. The Christian Dog seems pleased, but again begins about Bulgaria. I again smile, but cut the conversation short by saying I must show him my soldiers. He takes to this, and is apparently absorbed in their manoeuvres for several hours. Allah be praised for this! I can evidently keep him quiet with soldiers. But, going home, he begins again about Bulgaria. I again smile, and shake my head, and present him with another tramway omnibus. As I fancy he is going again to begin about Bulgaria, I add that I should like to present the EMPRESS with some trifling memento, and we stop then and there at a haberdasher's establishment, and I order several bales of chintz, curtain fringe, and glazed calico to be sent in to her 'Imperial Majesty' at once, and entered to the 'National account.' Fearing that he is again about to begin about Bulgaria, I tell him it strikes me he has not yet tasted our celebrated 'Ra-hat-la-koum.' He shakes his head. I at once order three tons to be sent round to the Yildiz Kiosk, and also entered to the 'National account.' After warding off Bulgaria by presenting him in turns with a shower-bath, a complete set of bed-room furniture, a handful of unset jewels, a brass band, an iron-clad, and several more tramway omnibuses, all entered to the 'National account,' I at length got rid of the Christian Dog till dinner-time by dropping him at the Bureau of the Minister of War.

"10:30 P.M.—Allah be praised! The Banquet is over, and I have as yet managed to steer clear of politics with the little Christian Dog. He made one attempt, after drinking some of his sour wine from the Rhine with which I had provided him, but I again smiled, and shook my head and said, 'No, no; dinner and politics not good together. Afterwards with the coffee.' But when the time for the coffee came, I hurried him off to see the illuminations. Those were an afterthought. I wondered how I should get rid of him. 'Why not illuminate the Bosphorus?' suggested RIAZ PASHA. A good idea. I gave the order at seven. By ten the whole city was a blaze of lanterns from the woods to the water's edge. Allah be praised! I have just seen the Christian Dog off in a *caïque*. I can now retire to rest in peace. But there is still to-morrow to face. Well, I must give him some more tramway horses; show him some more soldiers. Let him have the run of the barracks. Then he has got to look at the Black Sea. Perhaps, too, he might be induced to run over to Asia

to try for some tiger-shooting. Who knows? However, Allah be praised! one day at least is done. Two more, though, to be got through before he goes! If I can only keep the Christian Dog employed. Well, Allah is great! I must manage it somehow!"

How the SULTAN did manage it is now notorious, for it is well known that the youthful KAISER, whatever else he brought away with him from Constantinople, did not contrive to leave it with a new Treaty in his pocket. The *Times* Correspondent, lolling backwards gloriously *en prince* in his *caïque* "at the seaward gate of Dolma Bagtché," describes, in glowing and enthusiastic words, the memorable parting, which appears to have been of a cordial and almost touching character. He represents the young EMPEROR as still evidently up to the last trying to get in, through an interpreter, a word about Bulgaria, but being evidently foiled by the impenetrable *bonhomie* of his still smiling host, of whom he eventually took leave, "bowing," as the *Times* Correspondent informs its readers, "with much *empressement*, and giving the military salute." So the visit ended, and, spite his apprehensions, ABDUL HAMID kept clear of the much-dreaded political question. The above brief extract from his diary makes it pretty plain how he managed it.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

"I COME from a Watering Place," said the Moon. "It is not at all a fashionable one, though I believe it is considered healthy for young families. In the Summer, when the visitors come with their children, it is cheerful enough, but just now it certainly has a melancholy appearance. All the larger bathing-machines were penned up together in a yard a long way from the sea, looking strangely monstrous and out of place. There were a few little cabins still standing on the beach, but the canvas which had covered them was stripped off, leaving only the bare, and skeleton-like frames. On the green in front of the sea, two or three donkeys with linen-covered side-



saddles, were huddled together, hanging down their heads dejectedly, and wondering what had become of all the children. No one seemed to be staying at the grand new hotel, where I could see the German waiter busily employed in killing the last bluebottle in the coffee-room window. The waiter, it is true, looked cheerful,—but then he was leaving for London next day.

"All at once I heard a drum being beaten, and, looking down into one of the side streets leading from the Green, I saw the drummer, who was dressed in a long, shabby brown overcoat, reaching to his heels. The people hurried to their doors, for at this season of the year even a drum is an event. Presently the man put down the drum and slipped off his coat, revealing himself in a tight-fitting garment of faded red and black, sewn with tarnished spangles. Next, with great ceremony, he spread a strip of very ragged carpet on the road, and announced that he was 'about to illustrate the extraordinary contortions of which the human body was capable.' He seemed afraid that his entertainment would have no chance there, unless he could impart an improving tone to it. The shapes into which he proceeded to twist himself were really curious. He began by holding his hand high above his head, and kicking the palm with his foot; then he folded himself up into a sort of pin-cushion, and after that he bent backward, until he clasped his ankles, and gazed up at me with a pensive, sombre expression, through his legs. The children, on their way home from school, stopped to look at him, a little timidly, on the side-walk; the tradesmen stood at their shop-doors; the babies stared, though in the wrong direction, from their perambulators; genteel old maids peered furtively over their window-blinds; a railway omnibus passed, and the driver glanced down at the contortionist for an instant, and then instantly turned his head, as if he felt that he would compromise his dignity by betraying any interest. Nobody smiled or applauded, or did more than edge a little nearer, and examine the boneless man suspiciously, evidently thinking that there must be some trickery in his performance.

"The acrobat had an assistant—a nice-looking slenderly made boy, with a kind of sullen patience in his sturdy blue-eyed face; he was not so smartly dressed as his master, for he wore only a red flannel shirt and common corduroy trousers. While the man was preparing for the second part of his entertainment, the boy turned somersaults in a matter-of-fact manner, and nobody took the least notice of him. The second part was intended to show how objects could be maintained in equilibrium under the most difficult circumstances, and this the performer did by balancing on his head a pile of tumblers filled with a very dirty yellow liquid, as he lay on his back and wriggled himself painfully through hoops. During this performance

the boy went round with the hat, and I amused myself," said the Moon, "in noticing the treatment he received. The children, of course, gave nothing—children always are on the free list on these occasions—but they pointed out where a halfpenny that the boy had overlooked was lying, which was the next thing to giving it themselves. The old maids hid themselves in the curtains and did not come out again until he had passed, the greengrocer, who had been looking on the whole time, told the boy that he deserved to be locked up, but the butcher, after teasing him for some little time, at last produced a penny from under his apron.

"The collection was soon made, and the acrobat got up without spilling a drop from the tumblers, though still amidst the most perfect silence. (If you notice, the people who look on at such performances, however much they are delighted, never do betray their pleasure by any demonstration more enthusiastic than a faint grin," remarked the Moon, parenthetically, "perhaps they have a feeling that if they applaud, they ought, logically, to pay.) So the man took down his pile of tumblers, decanted the dirty liquid into a tin can as carefully as if it were some precious elixir, packed glasses, can, and all neatly in a basket, rolled up the carpet, put on the shabby overcoat again, and, shouldering the drum, walked off with a lithe swinging step which had something swaggering and defiant about it, the boy following at a short distance, as submissively incurious as a dog. When the man turned the corner, I noticed that all the briskness went out of his step, and presently both master and boy passed into the shadow and I saw them no more."

STANZAS FOR SARDOU.

(By a Farce-Writer.)

[A hundred Parisian mothers-in-law have written to M. SARDOU, thanking him for having rehabilitated the much-abused Mother-in-law.]

MONSIEUR SARDOU, they say that your latest new play

Gives a Mother-in-law her due fame;

With your pen you efface all the shame and disgrace

That has hitherto clung to her name.

You have shown she can be very nice, as we see,

And from Paris some Mothers-in-law

A letter indite to express their delight,

That you've not touched them up on the raw.

But, *cher SARDOU*, my friend, how is all this to end?

This strange glorification can't last;

We cannot, it's clear, write a farce over here,

With a nice "*Belle Maman*" in the cast.

Take the "dotty" Old Man, the *Soubrette*—MARY-ANN,

Or the Guardian given to jaw;

Take the *Ingénue* arch, or the Aunt—all starch,

But leave us bad Mothers-in-law!

A NEW ACT WANTED.

FOR that admirable playwright, Mr. PINERO, appearing in the chair at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, talking nonsense, and uncommonly dull nonsense, too, a parallel may be found in the description of GOLDSMITH:—

"He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Why he should have gone out of his way to attack the Music-Halls is a puzzle to anyone at all interested in the matter. Had it been Mr. W. S. GILBERT, who has recently suffered under a genuine grievance, temporary bitterness against the Music-hall entertainers and entertainments would have been very natural, but what have Music-Halls done to Mr. PINERO? Of course, if a Dramatic Act, better in its way than any of Mr. PINERO's, be passed, and Music-Halls be wisely permitted to play one-act Vaudevilles, and even to go so far as to perform GILBERT AND SULLIVAN's *Trial by Jury* with full chorus, *Cox and Box*, and a few other musical trifles, perhaps Mr. PINERO might condescend to tell the story of *Sweet Lavender* in one Act to music—it would make a very pretty Vaudeville—or, to give us some light little sketch, say *Lords and Commons* compressed, or a rural piece, a too-rural piece, as Mr. PINERO would of course style it, which should bring the "scent of the hay across the footlights."

Let the principle of Free Trade be applied, by all means, to the business of the Music-Halls, the limitation being to Vaudevilles.

We should be sorry to see a persecution of the Music-hall people during the reign of PI-NERO. The other NERO was a bit of a musician, and fiddled while Rome was burning. Does PI-NERO, who would look uncommonly well in classic costume, wish to play first fiddle in similar circumstances?

STARTLING APPARITION.—"Reappearance of Professor PEPPER at the Polytechnic!" He vanished fully ten years ago. Is it really our old entertaining friend, Professor PEPPER, or is it PEPPER's Ghost? On the latter supposition, we may inquire if the Polytechnic has a spirit licence?



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

MRS. DE VERE TOMLINSON AT HOME. PUZZLES. SMALL AND EARLY.

THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

It is an Age of Puzzles, and one meets
The Sphinx—a penny one—about our
streets,
Roving in maddening manner;
Whilst at our shops she offers you a lot
Of mystery and muddledom for what
The Docker calls a "tanner."

Peripatetic Sphinx! Quite a new notion,
But one which seems to stimulate devotion
In every puzzle-lover.
This *Œdipus* a job has found, however,
Which well might foil the champions, keen
and clever,
Who "do" the "Pigs in Clover."

The Pigs in Clover? Pooh! A docile lot
Compared with these. Marbles to coax, or
shot,

Into the pen together,
Takes time and patience. But *these* devious
dodgers
Within *that* centre to make common lodgers
Strains wit beyond its tether.

Circumgyrating in that Cretan maze,
They wander in a manner that would craze
The skilfullest old Collie;
Whilst to unite them in that Shamrock
centre!—

The task, old *Œdipus*, is a tormentor;
The effort seems sheer folly.

But *Œdipus*, though aged, is astute,
And chances with old Cocker can compute.
"Give it up"—a not his motto.
Once he's committed to a certain game,
Bézique or Solitaire, 'tis all the same;
Legitimate Whist, or—Lotto!

He'll whirl, he'll twirl, he'll twiddle, and
he'll tip, [slip—
This way and that the stubborn spheres may
They stray, collide, and scatter.
He mutters, "Patience! I shall get them in
In time, and if at last the game I win,
Delay is a small matter!"

STILL BARNUMMING!

BARNUM—bar none, is the greatest Show-
man of this or any other age, including all the
heroes whom GEORGE AUGUSTUS PLUTARCH
SALA brought together in his effective speech
last Friday. To what a Barnumic oration the
old Showman himself treated us! He has
travelled all over the world, but he never
wandered further afield, or in more pleasant
paths, than when he mounted his hobby and
took us over so much of his old ground.

Forty-five years ago ALBERT SMITH
wrote in *Bentley's Miscellany* a paper en-
titled, "A Go-a-head Day with BARNUM."
The article wound up by saying:—"As we
expressed our fatigue at supper, BARNUM
said, 'Well, I don't know what you call work
in England; (but if you don't make thirty
hours out of the twenty-four in Merekey, I
don't know where you'd be at the year's end.
If a man can't beat himself in running, he'll
never go a-head; and if he don't go a-head,
he's done.'" The Great BARNUM is appa-
rently as active in 1889 as he was in 1844.
He is as enthusiastic on the wrong side of
eighty as he was on the right side of forty.
If he has not beaten himself in running, he
has allowed no one to beat him. He has caught
most people, but the old bird himself has never
yet been caught. If you look in just now
at Olympia, you will find him up to time and
smiling, and going a-head more than ever.

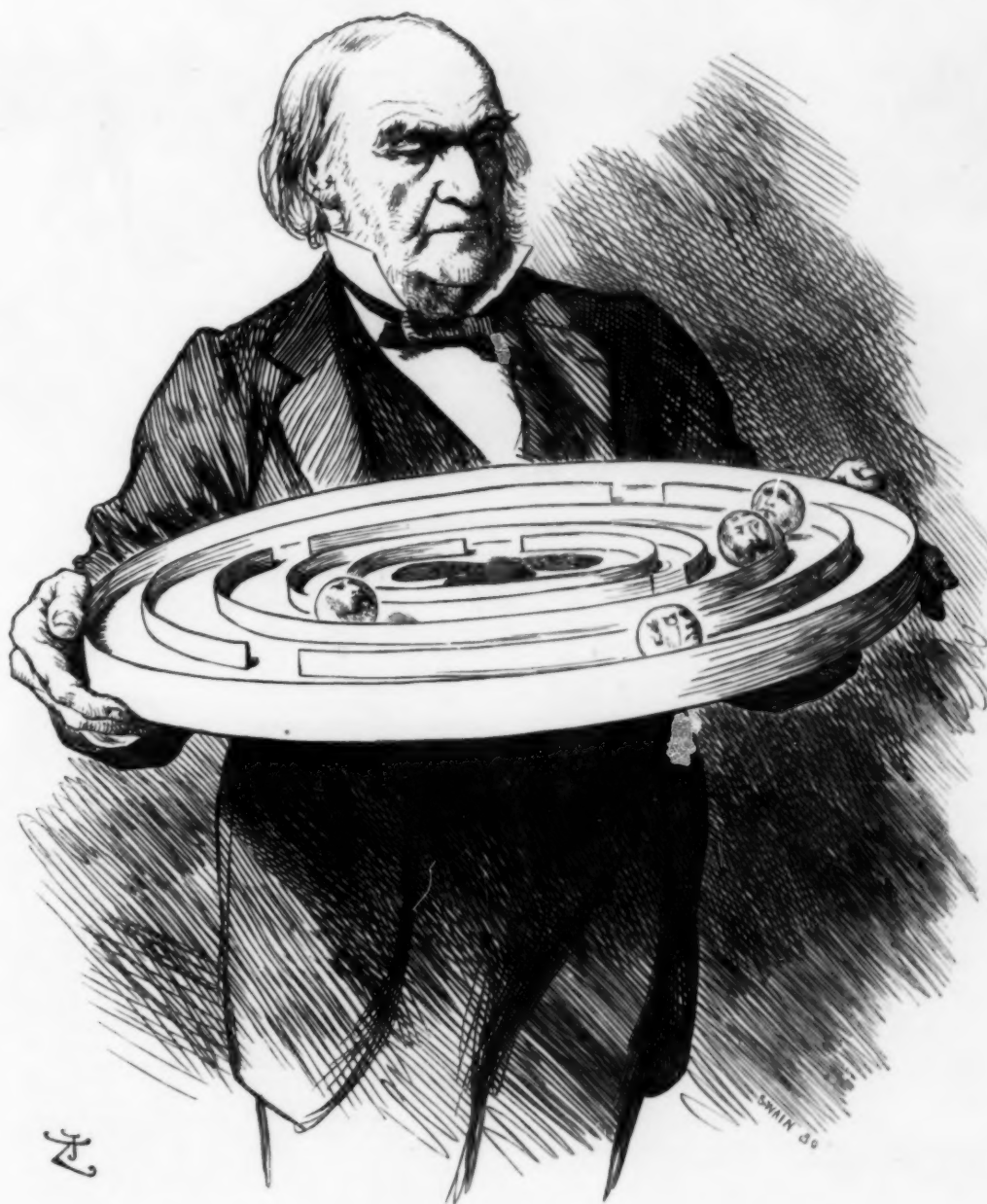
CHRYSANTHEMUM.

"Its Japanese name signifies 'the Queen of
Flowers,' and 'O-KIKU-SAN' (Chrysanthemum) is
a designation common enough for a Japanese girl."

SHE 'd ebon hair and almond eyes,
She looked at me in mild surprise;
The "foreign devil" then had come.
I sighed—it was in far Japan—
And murmured, "Sweet O-KIKU-SAN,
Be mine, my own Chrysanthemum!"
She smiled, and though of course she heard,
She only understood one word,
And so the smiling lips were dumb;
She knew I called her "Queen of Flowers;"
I gazed each day for several hours
Upon my quaint Chrysanthemum.

I set myself to try to please
This fascinating Japanese;
I even played the native drum.
She laughed, and clapped her tiny hands;
At last, I thought, she understands
My ardent love—Chrysanthemum.
But ah! they married her. A swell
Of noble birth bore off my belle,
And I was left exceeding glum;
And still a melancholy man,
In memory of O-KIKU-SAN,
I wear the gold Chrysanthemum!

SOFT ROZE AND TOAST.—Our toast is "MARIE
ROZE—her health!" We are very glad to
hear that Madame MARIE ROZE has entirely
recovered from the effects of her fall. The in-
cident may be summarised thus,—for there
must always be something of the summary
about a Roze,— "MARIE ROZE; MARIE fell;
MARIE ROZE up again, and her foothold on the
ladder of public favour is firmer than ever."



THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

"I THINK I SHALL GET 'EM ALL IN,—IN TIME!"



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HUNTING HINTS.

HOW TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR HORSE AFTER A FALL—A SALMON REEL AND LINE IS THE VERY THING!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE plots of some of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's Plays, collected in a volume called *Fogerty's Fairy and other Tales*, told as stories necessarily lose much in the narrative form, except in the case of *Fogerty's Fairy*, which gains by the process. One of the shorter sketches, called *Little Mim*, is, as Mr. Sam Weller said of Mr. John Smaulker's conversation, "Werry pretty," but the gem of humour in the book is a short passage in *Maxwell and I*, descriptive of the performance of a couple of Acrobats in a

Music-hall show. This is immensely funny. In his satirical paper on *Authors, Actors and Audiences*, the Author makes some good common-sense observations on the distinction between the work requisite for even the very best adaptations and for the production of a genuinely original play. On a cognate subject, *Our Dramatists*, in *The Fortnightly*, I agree with a great deal that Mr. GEORGE MOORE writes. From a literary point of view, the article is unworthy of Mr. GEORGE MOORE, while as to acquaintance with the subject, if he knows any more than he has here written, he has not given us the result of his knowledge. Perhaps he is reserving his force. He justly praises *The Middleman*, but has not put his critical finger on its weak point, which was spotted in Mr. *Punch's* columns.

I see it stated a publisher has in hand some work of the late Miss AMY LEVY the authoress of *Reuben Sachs*, a book of undoubted cleverness, and as remarkable, in its way, as was *As in a Looking-Glass*. Yet, as in *A Babe in Bohemia* and *Dr. Phillips*, only the seamy side of Jewish life is represented, but of its nobility of mind, its fidelity, its unsectarian, and truly catholic charity, of which we have daily proof, we read absolutely nothing. As a rule of romance, given a Jew or a Jesuit, and the author is bound to make him more or less of a villain. There is a tide in 'novel-writing, and perhaps we are on the turn when the original idea will occur to some one to give us a Jew whose conduct puts Christians to shame, and a Jesuit who, like the man in the song, "Cannot tell a lie if he were to try."

There should be a new Court appointment made immediately—

"Mistress of the Robins," and Lady LINDSAY should be invited to fill it. Stern Naturalists have said rude and unkind things about our picturesque red-waistcoated friend, but Lady LINDSAY glorifies him to his heart's content. She tells us what the poets have sung about him, she shows how he has entwined himself in our nursery lore, she paints his portrait in delightful pictures, and she sings graceful songs in his praise. All these good things are to be found in a charming volume called, *About Robins*. (ROUTLEDGE.) It might as well have been called, *All About Robins*—because the talented authoress has left nothing for anyone else to say on the subject. The book is excellently got up—if on a shelf, everyone will wish to get it down—and "robinism" pleasantly pervades it. The blithe little birds flourish on the cover, chirp on the frontispiece, and flutter throughout the pages generally. A dainty volume, which everyone will like for a Christmas present if he can get it.

My faithful Co. writes:—"I have recently been revelling in research. That benefactor of the human race, Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER, has added another magnificent volume to his already considerable reference library, in the shape of the *Gray's Inn Register*, which gives from the earliest date the admissions to the Hon. Society up to 1889. Besides this mass of valuable information, the entries in the Marriage Register of Gray's Inn Chapel are also furnished. The index to the names of the students is simply admirable—as clear as crystal, and as easily understood as A B C. Mr. JOHN FOSTER deserves well not only of his county but his country. His *Men at the Bar* is also first-rate. In this last work, it is scarcely necessary to add, he leaves Folk Lore to describe law folk.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

GREAT ART STREET.

BOND STREET should change its name to the above at once. Mr. *Punch* says so, and the L. C. C. should see that the excellent notion is at once carried out. A capital little Show has been opened at the Fine Art Society of Studies for Pictures. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Professor LEONARD, Messrs. STACEY MARKS, G. D. LESLIE, ALMA TADEMA, Professor RUSKIN, E. J. POYNTER, and C. C. SEaton are among the most notable contributors thereto. A charming collection of pictures of the modern Dutch and French Schools is now on view at Messrs. DOWDRELLS, and an interesting Exhibition is that of the American and Colonial pictures in the Burlington Gallery. There never was such a street for pictures as Bond Street. By all means let it be christened Pictorial Place—or, better still, Great Art Street, for at all the Galleries they give you an 'arty welcome!



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 7.

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STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIV. MR. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AT 4, CARLTON GARDENS.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, wending his way across the Horse Guards Parade from a late sitting of the House of Commons, can never reach his home without having his mind attuned to lofty thoughts. Behind him has left a tumultuous assembly, where vulgar hate finds voice in rasping words. TIM HEALY may have been flinging hard sayings at him, or JOSEPH GILLIS may have bent upon him that look of benignant contempt which is harder to bear than spoken words. But as, with long, swinging strides, your host crosses the gritty roadway in the rear of the Horse Guards, and hears behind the silent footfall of the two plain-clothes denizens of Scotland Yard, he always feels the soothing influence of the Duke of York's Column. There, planted advantageously on the crest of a noble flight of steps, uncarpeted, and even unswept, there rises, sheer and round, the lofty column. On it stands, in solemn loneliness, the figure of the Great Duke, staring out straight before him, as if watching the retreating figures of his famed ten thousand men. As your host lightly skips up the steps, taking them two at a time as if they were Amendments moved by an Irish Member, a strange calm settles over his erstwhile fluttered soul. There, under the flaming gaslight of the House of Commons, is hurry-scurry, turmoil, and tribulation. Here is long rest after labour, majestic peace, which may, some day, be his.

You also take the Duke of York's Steps on your way to No. 4, Carlton Gardens, but these sentiments are not appropriate to your case. You think, rather, that the stairway is a little steep, the Steps a trifle frequent, the Monument something of a monstrosity. Arrived at No 4, you are warmly welcomed by one, whose expressive dark eyes, olive complexion, and finely cut features afford abundant evidence of his ancestry. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, though a Cabinet Minister and in control of one of the most troublesome Departments of the State, is still a young man. He looks more like a troubadour than an Irish Secretary, an illusion fostered by the dress in which he receives you. A robe of rich violet velvet is girdled at the slim waist by a rope of silk, wrought in dead gold colour. As he leans with negligent grace, one arm resting on the molten marble mantelpiece, he toys with his left hand with a lyre that reposes on a cabinet filled with the rarest specimens of Majolica and Sèvres.

"Not that I play you know," your host says: "but ORPHEUS usually carried a lyre with him." A flute one would suppose would have been more portable. But it was a lyre, and so I keep one handy."

As your host drops the thick fringe of his eye-lids over his expressive eyes, a sad, pained expression comes over his face, as if he were thinking of the lost Romans.

It is from a silver box used by the first Marquis of SALISBURY during a visit to Carlton Gardens many years ago, that the Chief Secretary to the LORD LIKUTENANT extracts a cigarette, which you smoke while he tells you something of a career that has led, step by step, to the highest honour which, in present circumstances, it is possible for an uncle to bestow upon a nephew. You think that whilst he was extracting something he might as well have made it a cigar. But the more varied your experience in life, the more extended your peregrinations, the less sanguine are your hopes, the poorer your expectations.

"La vie est brève:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bon jour!"

your host hums, gently touching the lyre. You say, "Certainly," though you wish that this tendency to drop into German may be restrained. You find, for yourself, that one language is quite enough to express your full desires, and indeed that the facilities it affords for asking for things considerably outnumber the opportunities for securing them.

You begin to feel that if your host is going to sit and strum the lyre, troling forth what may be German drinking-songs, it will become exceedingly difficult to fill up the allotted space in the forthcoming number.

"How do you get on with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL?" you ask by way of changing the subject.

"GRANDOLPH," says your host, with a sharp touch on what you believe to be the bass notes of the lyre, "is a very interesting person, though not quite so attractive as he used to be. I remember him very well in the House of Commons in 1880. Indeed, I had some thought at the time of joining his Party. I might have done so, but for an unfortunate habit he had contracted when delivering a speech of audibly interpolating a request that one would go and fetch him a glass of brandy-and-water. GORST did not mind, and WOLLEY, with his spectacles and his diplomatic look, was able to invest the mission with an air of respectability. But I didn't care for it; and so we broke off our relations."

From this point your host, still vexatiously toying with the lyre, proceeds with the story of his life. He went into business very



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"WHAT, GUS! LEAVING THE OFFICE ALREADY? WHY, IT'S HARDLY FOUR!"

"WELL, GOVERNOR, A FELLOW MUST GET WESTWARD IN TIME TO DO THE ARCADE, YOU KNOW."

early, being appointed President of the Local Government Board on the first opportunity his uncle, the MARQUIS, had of distributing offices. Previously he had dabbled in Literature, and his *brochure* on *Philosophic Doubt* received the signal honour of being ordered to be read in all the Churches. In 1887, on the resignation of Sir M. H. BEACH, he was appointed CHIEF SECRETARY for IRELAND. "And now," he says, "as LEONIDAS of Tarentum hath it—

"On the shining point of PALLAS' spear
I perch, a warlike grasshopper."

As he moves across the thick pile of Turkey carpet, with here and there a rug of rich colour toning it up, you cannot help thinking, as you look at his lithe figure, that the simile is quite apt. Oddly enough, his long strides take him clear out of the room, and, after waiting awhile, and there being no sign of his return, you pick your way out past the tangle of nasturtiums, geraniums, marigolds, and fuchsias, which half hides a large window on a level with the ivy-clad portico, and so gain the street. The window is partly open, and, as you pause, you hear the jingle of the lyre, and a familiar voice, that sings,—

"La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'espoir,

Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bon soir!"

HARDING'S ANNUALS.

WHAT are "bardy annuals?" Chrysanthemums? Don't know! Don't care! At any rate when chrysanthemums blow HARDING'S Annuals show. This year there is a braver exhibition than usual at 45, Piccadilly. The Temple Show is all very well, but HARDING'S beats it in colour and variety. All kinds of novelties in the way of Christmas Cards may here be seen—all produced by British artists and British workmen. Fishing, yachting, coaching—in fact no cardinal point of sport is omitted—graceful, pretty, sentimental—especially appealing to the cardiac region—grateful, comforting, exhilarating—as essence of cardamoms should be. Go and look at 'em now we have shown you the way, and doubtless you'll very much enjoy this refection of "cards and wáy." Ha! ha!!

THE MOAN OF THE STATION-MASTER.

SPECIAL Instructions! Yes! oh yes! They come in a ceaseless stream; They haunt my nights like the floods and frights that filled poor *Clarence's* dream.



Special! There's something sardonic now in the very sound of the word. I'm sore and sick. That accursed "click" seems the only sound I've heard since—when? Since I heard it last in my sleep, if you call nightmare sleep.

From dawn till dawn, and from night to night the hours fly fast, or creep, But it's all one round, and the fretful sound of the needle seems to mark The pulse unseen of that dull machine, my life, through day and dark.

Special Instructions, another batch! And my walls scarce hold the space For another "Note." How the papers float sometimes in this dingy place Before my eyes in the lamp's dull glow, when the winter nights are drear, And the rattle of rails, and the drag of wires are the only sounds I hear Above the wail of the restless wind—like me, it knows not rest, That wandering sorrow, that vagrant voice of a thing with toil oppress. It is only a dingy shanty this, with its poster-patched drab walls, A sordid stage for the tragedy of one of Toil's tired thralls. Tragedy? That's an imposing word, a touch too high; and yet, Is death by dagger a loftier thing than death from fever and fret? 'Tis more "dramatic," I grant you that; but the harpies of classic Fate Could hardly harry a man much worse than the thought of a train too late, Or a way-bill wrong, or a signal missed, or a grievance or complaint Not duly noted, although they'd tax the soul of a patient saint, These petty grumbles, and trivial taunts, and muddled means all round, No wearier pest than the fussy fool who grumbles without good ground!

Long hours; indeed, it would puzzle me much to say when my work is done. (No doubt the Directors would tell you a different story—but that's their fun!) But all day long, and every day, I must bear the worry and weight Of responsibility undefined, and duties 'tis hard to state. Only if anything should go wrong, from a train to an old maid's cat, Or a lamp let out, or a ticket lost, I am certain to hear of that. Yes, Railwaydom is a wondrous thing! Does the Public know or care, What lies behind the blessing and boon of comfort and cheap fare, Or which they cackle complacently? Has it any feeling or thought For my long, long day in this dreary den, tired limbs, and brain o'erwrought? The "System" stands with its myriad hands, like old Briareus, and serves The general need, and the huge routine from its course so seldom swerves Good folk forget that those countless "hands" hold lever, light, and pen, Are the hands, indeed, of no giant machine, but of living suffering Men! So the work is hard, and the pay is small, and each unit fills his place On Engine, or Station, or Signal Box; who troubles to scan his face For the lines of care and worry and wear that my wife can see in mine, A Station-Master for twenty years on the Hurry-and-Harry-'em Line? Time-Tables, Way-Bills, Special Notices,—those are the things I read, Not the sort of Railway Literature you recognise, indeed, Fair lady there with the languid air, and the last Sensation Novel. No time for HAGGARD or BESANT, Ma'am, in this poster-cumbered hovel! Flurry and worry, fever and fret, long labour, petty strife, 'Tis these, Ma'am, that make up—and mar—a Station-Master's Life!

A WEAK POINT.—SIR,—I am not a Theologian, but if I am, without knowing it, I'm as good as any other Theologian. Protestants always triumphantly attack the POPE'S Infallibility. Everyone knows what a blunder, a mistake. Now, Sir, I'm going to bring forward one argument which will destroy once and for ever the whole doctrine of the POPE'S Infallibility. If their Holinesses are infallible, they can't make blunders, can they now? "Certainly not," says Father TOM. "Well, your Rivivence," says I, "consult your history. Haven't the Popes all along made any amount of 'bulls'?" And with that I turned on my heel, whistling, "*Boyne Water*," and left His Rivivence bothered entirely.

NE PLUS ULSTER.

ROBERT ON EPPING FOREST.

AFTER a rayther long xperience, I shoold say if there ever was a hard-working set of Gennelmen as dewoted theirselves to the performance of their werry harduous dooties for the good of the Public with an amount of henergy and detummination never hexelled, it must be the Epping Forest Committee of the Grand Old Copperashun of the City of London.

Take, for hinstance, their larst xpedition there. What did they care about the Fore-Cast in the Morning Papers—which is amost as offen rite as it is rong—a saying as it was a going for to rain, why nothink, so off they set by the 10 o'Clock train, quite hurley in the morning, as fur as Lowton, and then jumping merrily into the carriages a waiting for 'em off they drove to all the wariuous pints of the butiful Forest where deppytations of the Local Swells was a waiting for 'em, to surgest wariuous himprovements as wood make it, if possibel, ewen more butifulfuller than it was afore.

With their jolly thick boots, and their ekally jolly thick Gaiters, and their grey friz Coats, and their little round Afs, and their jolly thick sticks, they looked more like a Band of Robbing Hood's Men than Forest Werderers—witch I bleeves means sumthink green, tho that was about the larst culler as anyboddy as knowed 'em wood apply to sitch a jovial set. And tho the Sun favoured them with just a gleam or 2 to welcome 'em at starting, it soon came on to rain Cats and Dogs. What did they care about the rain who had their work to do, and hunder the watchful eyes of their fust-class Chair-man, and their fust-class Souperintendent; so they worked away, as only Londoners can work, till "the Sun set, and hup rose the yellow Moon," as the Pote sez, and then, as they coodn't see their ands afore 'em, much less behind 'em, they went away to their wariuous homes rejoicing over a hard day's work thorowly well done.

And now cums the staggerer for the Copperashun libellers. "How offen," asks these snearing ninny, "did they stop for refreshment? Probably at ewery place where improvements was wanted, and at werry great xpanse." Ah, that's all as they knows about it. For it did so appen, as I herd one on 'em say yesterday, that all they had to support 'em in their long day's work was a Lunch! but such a Lunch as praps was never ekwalled for both habundence, and helegance, and warm-artedness. "Ah, and at a pretty xpanse," says the grumblers aforesaid. No, my noble but stingy Swells, nothink of the sort, for it was all a free gift from one of theirselves, who lives there; and, jest to shew the sort of Gennelmen as they has among 'em, this same hospitable Werderer, and his ekally hospitable Brother and Werderer, had achally bort and paid for out of their hone pockets, no less than twelve and an arf acres of privet land, which they has presented to the Grand Old Copperashun for them to hadd to the five or six thousand acres of Epping Forest, as they held afore, for the helth and enjoyment of the People, with all its butiful Mountings, and all its butiful Walleys, and its thousands of Trees, and its millions of Blackberrys, and its Thicketts, and its Thinnings, and its Arnt Sallys, and its Donkeys, and its Coker Nuts, and ewerythink else as is necessary for their pure Publick Enjoyment, and hartistick wreckwkrention!

Ah, them's the sort of rich peepel as I admires! The more 's the pity as there's so preshus few on 'em will foller such grand xampels. But never mind, let the rich and liberal ones keep on pegging away, and the rich and stingy will be compelled to foller suit if ony for werry shame. I overheard, too, what a jolly sell one of the Werderers, who is a Tea Totaller, pore fellow, played off on this same hard-working Committee a year or 2 ago. He invited 'em all to Lunch, and a werry good Lunch it were, with, aperiently, lots of Shampagne on the Table, to which, it being a jolly hot day, they in course helped theirselves plentyfully in Tumblers, and took good drafts of it, and before they cood stop theirselves found out it was that fearful mixture called Rarsberry Shampagne! The effect was so awful upon their unfortnit hinsides, being, in course, not accustomed to such xtrornary productions, that they wun and all with wun acord, when proceeding on their journey, ordered the Coachman to pull up at the fust Pub, and there they restored their usual equilibrium with glasses of hot Brandy and Water all round! A sollem warning, I takes it, never to play not no tricks with that most himportant part of our hanaterry, the hinterier.

ROBERT.

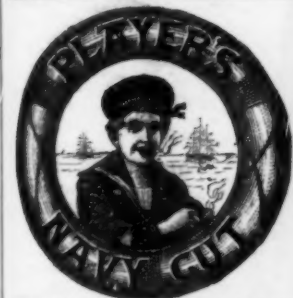
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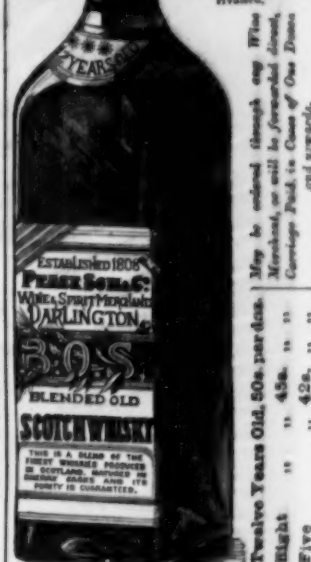
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Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 26, Ludlow Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Office of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 66, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, November 16, 1889.